WHEN IT WAS DARK--STORY OF A GREAT CONSPIRACY

Guy Thonne's Religious Novel Which Has Created a Great Sensation in America and Europe. (Copyright 1904 by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

CHAPTER XII-Continued.

purple shadows' round the cypress and olive.

"Neque enim ignari sumus," he muttered to himself, recalling the swing and freedom of his own travels, the viyld, picturesque life where, at great moments, he had been one of the eyes of England, flashing electric words to tell his countrymen of what lay before him.

And now, after the chill of his bath and the rasping to ture of shaving in winter, he must light all the gas-jets as he sat down to breakfast in his sitting-room!

to put myself on the safe side before publishing.

transcots 203 feet across. Its towers are

so national monument contains more things worthy of study than Westminster. In it England's kings and queens have been crowned for near a thousand years. The abbey claims an antiquity dating from Sebort, king of the East Saxons, who is said to have founded it in the year 613. Various legonds are related of miracles performed there in the sarty history of Christianity in Great Britain.

The original church, or abbey, is mentioned in an ancient charter, bearing date of 785. It stood originally by the riverside, on a kind of sandy islet, and its first worshippers numbered many fishmen and beatmen of the Thames.

The present abbey was founded by Edward the Confessor, was dedicated to 8t, Peter, and derived its mans from at first being called the church, or mistor, west of 8t, Paul's. It was fifteen years in building, and was dedicated in 1965, a structure of matchless grandeur and beauty, fi had spires of wood, and its roof was covered with lead.

Time's ravages and the eliminating processes of reconstruction have left only a few fragments of the substructure of this ancient edifice, on which the present abbey was reared.

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The greater part of the present structure dates from the fifteenth century. Some of its more important architectural details are traceable to Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architectural details are traceable to Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architectural details are traceable to Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architectural details are traceable to Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architectural details are traceable to Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architectural details are traceable to Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architectural details are traceable

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...Around the World---Westminster Abbey...

in Drury Lane. "Give me a frog in my throat all the time, this fog does. You's better let me pour a drop of hot water in your bath, sir. I've got the kettle on the gas stove."

The laundress had an objection to baths, deep-rooted and a matter of principle. The daily cold tub she regarded as suicidal, and when Cortre had arrived, her pulned surprise at finding him also—a clergyman, too addicted to such adveturous and injudicious habits had been as extreme as her disappointment.

Towers, which shut it of from the flowers, which shut it of flowers, the flowers in the flowers, which shut it of flowers, the flowers in the flower

surprise at inding him also—a clergyman—too addictee to such advetturous and sinjudicious habits had been as extreme as her disappointment.

Spence agreed to humor her, and sho began to prepare the bath.

"Letter from Mr. Cyril, I see, sir," she remarked. Mrs. Buscall loved the archaecologist with more strenuousness than the other two charges. The unusual and mysterious has a real fascination for a certain type of uneducated Cockney brain, thands a race fascination for a certain type of uneducated Cockney brain, the Eastern dresses and pictures in his strange and perilous life—as she considered it—in the veritable Bible land, where Satan actuelly roamed the land of the women around Mrs. Buscall Erank gin. The doings of Cyril Hands were sufficient tonic for her.

Spence gianced at the bulky packet with its Turkish stamps and peculiar ground—which the London fog had not yet killed—of ships and allen suns. Hands was a good correspondent. Sometimes he sont general articles on the work he was foing, not too tachinical, and Gymaney, the editor of Spence's paper, used and paid well for them.

But on this morning Spence did not feel inclined to open the packet. It could wait. He was not in the humour for it now, it would be too tantalising to read if those deep skies like a hard hollow turquoise, of the flaming wite sun, the white mosques and minarets throwing purple shadows' round the cypress and like.

"Neque cnim ignari sumus," he muttered to himself, recalling the sympas and perilogistic promote the decent of the chamber of the cha

grated at Westminster is so long that one must be deeply versed in history to know half the names, notwithstanding that only the great are supposed to ke thus honored. The abbey holds the mortal remains of two striking historical figures, however, whose names will never become obscure. They are Elizabeth, the



become obscure. They are Blizabeth, the ting-room!

He opened the Wire and glanced at his own work of the night before. How his own work of the night before the night before. How his own work of the night before the night befor